

Aunt Dorothy's Corner

Dear Children: Aunt Derothy is still too ill to write you a long letter, but she sends you loving greetings and says you shall go on just as you now are doing in your pleasant work for our page. All the stories received, pictures that will reproduce and letters that are interesting have been sent in to the printers for use on the page, so she is ready to hear from you again, and as your stories and letters are helping very much to cheer her in her illness I hope you will all write again and as often as you find time. Next week she will tell you herself something about Atlantic City, where she is resting for a few days before taking up her usual work with you.

Beulah Smallwood is requested to send in

Mrs. Hogan wants to know which circle is ready to undertake the sending out of badges, on receipt of list from her weekly. She has too many letters to read to take time to answer all or even to address the envelopes to send out the badges. So she sends out this call for help for herself. She will pay the postage if you will do the work. I am afraid our members are for-getting one of our important rules, that of sending a self-addressed stamped envelope and properly filled out coupon for badges to be returned. If you did this in every in-stance Mrs. Hogan would not have to call for help. She is now doing Aunt Dorothy's work also, so you can understand that you

should all keep your pledge and help where you can, for a few weeks at least. A special book prize is offered this week for the largest list of league members secured by another league member. Any one may join, remember, and the more the merrier for our winter work. How many of you are Junior Endeavorers? We are asked to give a corner of our page to this work. Let Aunt Dorothy know whaat you think about it very soon.
Yours, cordially,

THE CHILDREN'S EDITOR. Pleasant letters, stories, etc.. are hereby acknowledged with thanks as received from Beulah Smallwood; Lucy Lee Offutt, whose book goes today; Elizabeth Armes, Marga-Eleanor F. Bowers, Camille Van Doren, Marie Cissel, Florence Gompers, Otho W. Holland, Violet Lawrence, Raymond Shope, Helen Fenton, Maud Proctor, Nellie M. Ella Dill, Ruth Hutson, Kimon Nicolaides.

THE CHILDREN'S LEAGUE. They Are Made Happy Through Thought for Each Other.

MEMBERSHIP COUPON.

National Weekly Organ, the Saturday Edition of The Washington Star.

International President, Mrs. Louise Hogan, Post Office Box 205, Washington, D.C.

No dues, no central fund; no salaried officials. All help goes direct on call from the president, through the press and other ave-

nues that are open for this work. Further information given on application to the editor of this page. PLEDGE.

I promise to try every day to add happiness to some one's life by being kind.

I bromise to try to earn at home each month a penny, a postage stamp, a nickel or a dime and keep it ready to send to any one our president may tell us is in need of such bein. I promise to write to my president once a menth and tell her what I am doing to help others and what I can do to help her help

I promise to help the Children's League the to children and others who cannot therwise get them such books as are se-ected by my president and printed on our

inclosed stamped and self-addressed er

Date of Application.....

INSTRUCTIONS

2. Meet once in two weeks.

3. Give your circle a fitting name, as, for instance, the Children's League, or the C. L. Helping Hand Circle. Always use the C. L. with the name you decide upon, in order to keep in close touch with the central movement. 1. Get a few active members and form a circle. h the central movement.

Elect a president, a secretary and a treasurer.

from the lists we publish.

12. Address all letters to
THE CHILDREN'S EDITOR.

League Reports.

Dear President: Inclosed are \$2 for the purpose Mrs. Hogan thinks best. We have a museum and our library has increased. We bought "Galopoff, the Talking Pony," which I have read and think a very nice book. If every one obeyed the motto Pauline gave Galopoff he would surely improve. Having read the rules, I find it is necessary to send in the names of the members of our circle, the Willing Hand. The circle number I do not know, but would like to know names are: Charles Macalester, 617 6th street northeast, secretary; Marie Brennan, 717 7th street northeast, treasurer; Winifred Kuhns, 654 Morris street northeast. librarian; Bessie Brennan, 717 7th street northeast; Will Brennan, 717 7th street northeast; Edith Macalester, 617 6th street northeast, and myself, 715 7th street northeast, president. I am sorry I did not report before, but will try and be regular

after this. Your little friend.
URBAN ROSEN. You are doing very well, indeed. We return the money order, as the rule is that you hold your money in your emergency bank until we sell you just where to send We are now trying to raise a large

day-not every Saturday-for such a call. We must be ready at all times, not only AUNT DOROTHY.

Dear Aunt Dorothy: We have succeeded in collecting 39 cents for August. We think we will do better next month. Our secretary has gone to the country and I have just returned after a very pleasant trip. I hope the little girl enjoyed her week at the sunshine We enjoy the children's page very much. Lovingly yours, CHEERFUL GIVERS.

Grace Lynch, President. The little girl had a lovely time. Put your money in your emergency call bank and be ready to help actively this winter, as there will be good work to do. AUNT DOROTHY.

@our ∞ Day

Dear Aunt Dorothy: I am going to tell you how I like the children's page. Every Saturday I watch for the paper boy to come, and when he comes, I run down stairs and out, to get The Star. Then I come in and sit down and read the paper over. Then after dinner puzzles as often as opportunity offers, as I go out and sit down and read it over they are liked by the children. good. I will send some stamps to Mrs. Alden, for helping the babies' ice fund and summer home, at Darien, Conn., because I like bables so well. Your true friend, DOLORES B., Age 8

Put your stamps in your emergency bank now please. Dear Aunt Dorothy: I would like to belong to the club, as my

sister belongs to it. I am going to belong to the circle. Yours truly, MARGARET B., Age 7. We are glad to welcome you, and send a

Dear Editor: I am an interested reader of the children's page of The Saturday Evening Star. I should like to become eligible to take par in the letter box, story club and to send in an occasional drawing to try for a prize. Kindly send necessary information to yours

FLORENCE M. G., Age 10. P. S.—I hope to see my letter and drawing in The Staturday Evening Star. You will find all information on the page from week to week. Any reader may join the league by following the printed rules. Any reader may contribute to letter box or story club and try for a prize. Always address "Aunt Dorothy," care of The Star .-Ed.

son: Frances McLaughlin, to whom a book prize goes today; Mazie C., who must use pen and ink next time; Roger Wharton, Edna Haney, Elsie Yost, Almee Newman. Eleanor F. Bowers, Camille Van Desire Aunt Dorothy:

I was so glad to see my letter printed and to learn that I would get a book. I have not received it yet, but I am sure I will like it, because I am so fond of reading. I am reading Dickens' books now and the first term of the control of the contr Dear Aunt Dorothy: reading Dickens' books now, and like them very much. Martin Chuzzlewit and Nicholas Nickleby are the best of the ones I have read. I will try to write sometime of have read. I will try to write sometime of some of the things I see in the country. I send a little winter landscape, but it is not around a huge tree, and we were right up Creaghe; Suzanne Yerby, whose pleasant send a little winter landscape, but it is not little letter cheered Aunt Dorothy very like the one I sent some time ago. Yours truly.

LUCY LEE O. Your picture is very well done and we are sorry we cannot reproduce it. Send us something in pen and ink. Your book, "Friends and Helpers" is sent today. We hope you will enjoy it .- Ed.

Dear Aunt Dorothy: I am very much interested in The Star's children's page, and have solved all but one of the "puzzles" several times. This time, however, I will enclose all of the answers to puzzles in Saturday's Star, September 19. Yours truly,

ELLA B. D. 1727 Corcoran Street. We are glad you like the page.-Ed.

Dear Aunt Dorothy: I am glad school is going to open Monday, because I like it. As I saw so many children's names in The Star I thought I would begin to join it too. I am going to the fourth grade in school. I like the children's page very much. I read it nearly every Saturday evening. I like the Four Little Indians very much. Now I will close from Indians very much. Now I will close from your little friend.

RAYMOND G. Your badge goes today. We are glad you

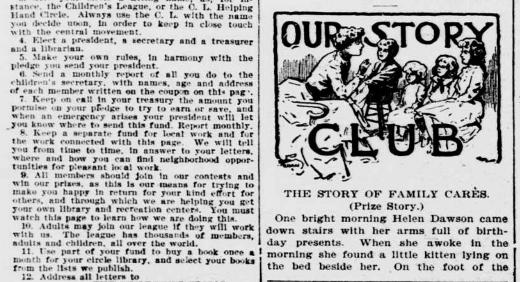
like the page. Dear Aunt Dorothy:

Here I am again, still trying for a prize This time I will enclose five cents with the stamps for the babies' ice fund. How are the fresh air children enjoying themselves? This morning I earned five cents and as was going to get something with it, I me the blind man and gave it to him. Good-bye,
MARIE R.

Keep on, Marie, but put your stamps next time in your "emergency call" bank, for we will need them. AUNT DOROTHY.

Dear Aunt Dorothy: I am real sorry to hear that you are ill, but I hope you will be better soon now. I was very proud to see my Fourth of July story in the paper and more so to think that I have won a prize for it. My address is 1719 14th street northwest, and I am nine years old. I have some money that I have been saving. I will send it in when there is call for it for some of the little children Yours truly.

ROGER P. H. Thank you, Roger, I am better again,



the bed beside her. On the foot of the



so pleased that she didn't stop to put her clothes on, but hurried down stairs with her things. She hadn't gone but four steps when what should she meet but a little puppy. She did not care anything about her poor broken dolly now, for she had two live pets. As soon as she had her breakfast she began thinking names for her pets. She decided to call the kitten Helen, after herself, and the puppy after her cousin Richard. The reason she got the kitten and puppy was because she had a little dog and it died, so her mother promised her a puppy and a kitten on her birthday. She now has a little family of her own to care for. She feeds them at her tea table instead of on the floor, and

teaches them many tricks.

PEARL P., age 10 years. Dear Editor: I have written a litle story for the children's page in The Star. Hoping it will be published, I remain,

Yours truly.

DAISY BROWN'S NEW GAME. "Mamma," said little Daisy Brown, "I do wish I had some new game to play. I am so tired of playing with my dollies, and they won't look pretty in the new silk dresses I have just made for them." Mrs. Brown was very busy just then, and told her little daughter that she would talk to her about it in the evening. That evening Mrs. Brown told Daisy that she had thought of a delightful game, and if she came in the nursery the next afternoon she would see it. The next afternoon when Daisy went to the nursery what do you think she saw? She saw a little stove, with a real fire in it, a table all set with pretty dishes, all sorts of cooking utensils and a little pan of cream all ready to be skimmed, and some meat to cook. Daisy told her mamma it was the nicest gam she ever played.

Aunt Dorothy: A warm night in June a mother was sit-ting in her reading room reading, and her little daughter playing with toys. As her mother had just finished the fourth chapter she said to her little girl, "It is time to go to bed." The little girl ran into the nursery and told nurse what mother had said. So the old nurse undressed her and she gathered up her toys and went upstairs with both hands full, but just as she shut the door the cat came running out, and she dropped her toys out of one hand and picked up the cat. The little dog Rover came running out to the little girl to pick him up, but she could not, because she had both hands full; but she walked up slowly so the little dog could keep up with her. She then went to her room and said her prayers, and before a half hour she was tight asleep, dreaming of angels.

HELEN H.

THE PICNIC. One lovely day in early summer auntie and myself went with a number of friends to Cabin John to spend the day. In our party there were three ladies, two young girls and three children, including myself. The ride there on the cars was lovely, and when we reached the grounds we succeeded in getting a pavilion and took possession among the branches, where it was cool and shady. After looking around at the different places of amusement we rested a while, then prepared for lunch. We three children, Eleanor, Kenneth and myself, went to the spring for water, while the ladies spread the lunch. Such a time as we had to get to that spring! The path was all hills and hollows, and if it had not been for Kenneth's help I would never have gotten to the bottom. We all refreshed ourselves with a drink of the clear, cold water, then filled our glasses again and started for our filled our glasses again and started for our pavilion. We had such a rough, steep way to go that there was very little water left in our glasses when we reached the level ground. We all sat down to lunch, and the sandwiches and other good things disappeared remarkably quick. Soon after our lunch we had a ride on the merry-go-round and scenic railroad. Then we went down under the large bridge and listened to the echo of our voices and threw stones in the water. After supper we played games around the tree in our pavilion, then had another ride on the merry-go-round, visited the palm garden, where we saw some funny moving pictures, listened to the band a

while, and, as it was growing late, we had one more ride on the merry-go-round, and that ended our day's fun. ELEANOR F. F.

On the Chesapeake.

Mary E. Ireland in the Magazine of Poetry.

Thank you for your pity, stranger,
That my life up n the bay
Is so full of toil and danger,
And no pleasures—as you say.
There are two sides to that picture;
One, so warm, and sweet, and bright,
That it truly hides the other
As the clear sun hides the night,

I've a cheery little cottage,

Loving wife and children three,
And I know this very minute
They are watching out for me.
In an hour, if God so will it,
I shall be with them again,
And the welcome of their kisses
Will refresh like summer rain.

All my toil will be forgotten
In the comfort of my hearth,
And the pat of they footsteps
Be the sweetest sound on earth,
Our supper will be frugal,
But prepared with locing hand.
No king could feast more royally
With kingdoms at command.

True, we struggle for our living, Have our tria's here and there, But in trusting to our Savior We are happy anywhere. Thank you for your pity, stranger, But it's needed not by me; Give it to some lonely creature.
Without wife and children three.

Sweet Rest.

Mary E. Ire'and in the Lutheran Observer. Little Charlie was trotting to school one day, Wearing shoes that had bright copper toes, And his dear little face was as fresh and sweet As the dew in the heart of a rose.

His mother was leading her dear Charlie boy; He was five years old that day. And for only two hours would be with his book, "The weather is lovely." the good mother said;
"'Tis a pleasure to breathe the pure air.
God's beautiful sunshine illumines the streets

And the heavens above are so fair." 'Yes," answered the wise little man at her side. "The city is pleasant, I know; But when the time comes I can take a day off For rest—to the country I'il go."

This thought was not his, he but echoed the words
Of a neighbor who tolled for his bread
And for shoes for his six little children's feet And hats for each dear little head.

This incident true, and with moral attached, To all the dear boys is addressed: From doing good deeds may you take no day off, And in evil ones never take rest.

Wee Helen. "Muvver," said wee Helen.
Pushing back her golden hair,
"Lets have a 'ittle lovin' time
In g'an'pa's big arm-chair." "Now we's nice an' comfy.
Muvver, darlin', I love oo.
S'pose 'oo had no 'ittle dirl,
What 'oo fink 'oo'd do?" "What is Jesus muyver's name?"
She whispered very low;
"I'se often wondered, muyver,
I wish 'at I did know." "Did 'oo say 'at it is Ma-wy? Why, muvver, 'at's 'oor name; His muver's name an' my mamma's Is just de ve wy same." "No, not esackly either"
(With a knowing little nod),
"For 'oor's is Ma-wy Leonard
An hers is Ma-wy—Dod." "God bless my little daughter,"

Hazel nutting is fine amusement, because you have to go into the great woods to get the prime ones, as it is there that the largest hazels grow, some of them as high as a two-storied house. It is of no use to go a-nutting without having a long hook of some kind or other, as the finest and ripest clusters grow at the tops of the hazels, the branches of which are too slender to be climbed, so must perforce be pulled down by the nut hook, or you will never taste the richest of the creamy kernels. Then how proud is that boy who has got the largest and greatest number of riuts in a cluster or bunch-perhaps seven in a bunch-a number seldom exceeded and rarely found; and how

the other boys go hunting about to find one as fine, and cannot, and what a quantity of nuts they offer for it, which you do not take, but give it to the least boy, who has scarcely got any, and has such a little hook that he cannot reach the fine brown clusters which stand rocking in the breeze on the topmost branches. Then how happy it makes him to become the possessor of the finest bunch of nuts that has been gathered Some boy or other is sure to get lost; then you have to go and help to find him, and you agree never to be out of hearing of one another, and after wandering a long way into the wood, and shouting to one another till you are almost hoarse, you at last hear his voice, and if he is a cowardly boy—you find him pale and frightened, and he begins to tell you what he should have done had night come on: and if you are noble-hearted boys you will try to cheer him up, and not laugh at him and ask him "if he didn't cry for his mammy." For boys have been lost in woods before now, and not found at times until they were so weakened by hun-ger that they had not strength to walk unless supported. How pleasant it is, too, when you have got plenty of nuts, to sit under some great tree, on the soft, velvety wood turf, and enjoy the provisions you have brought with you, or when returning homeward and nearing some village, to bar gain with the farmer's wife or pretty milkmaid for the warm milk she is carrying home, which is all of a foam. Then to re member that good old Izaak Walton, who wrote that beautiful work on angling, did the very same thing in the fields more than two hundred years ago, when he gave the milkmaid some of his fish for a hearty drink of her new milk. These are pleasant things to think and talk about, and nothing that reproaches the mind after the innocent

The Pearl.

enjoyment is over.

Of course, every one knows that the pearl comes from the oyster, but everybody does not know that the oyster which is eaten has nothing to do with producing it. In fact, the oyster that does produce the pearl seems to be very unconscious of his industry in this respect.

The operation takes place down, down, down in the furthermost depths of the sea. So far as we understand why the oyster forms the pearl, it is in this way: A tiny substance like sand gets into its shell. The oyster resents the intrusion and seeks to cover it. It is this process which forms the pearl. This theory seems to be proven true by the fact that the Chinese deliberately

put atoms or bits of glass into the oyster's shell, and find out that this process goes on. The pearly juice of the oyster is poured over the foreign substance, and so pearls are made for queens and princesses and very rich and fashionable people to wear.

It seems a vain and silly custom—this seeking for pearls-when one considers the life of the pearl fisher and how very short it is. Most of this business of diving for pearls is carried on off the coast of Ceylon,

near that part of the coast which is most When the time of year approaches for the pearl fisheries to begin a scene of great bustle takes place ashore. Huts are strung together along the coast and merchants jugglers, snake charmers and all kinds of queer people come flocking. The divers are expected from India-for the natives of Ceylon have no mind to sherten their lives or offer them up, by charce, to the shark. These poor Hindus, however, come and make their prayers and descend into the water. The diver is apt to be suffocated under water, under which he cannot stay more than half a minute. He holds a rope in his hand which he pulls-and before he

pulls it he makes good use of the half min-ute by filling his basket. The ground of the sea is strewn with oysters.

How does he dive? Well, at about 7. o'clock in the morning he gets into the boat with the rest of his party. A little wooden scaffold is fixed on each side of the boat, and from this the diving tackle is suspended. There is a stone with a hole through the top of it. A rope goes through the hole, and there is a loop on the top of the stone, which makes a stirrup for the

diver's foot. Now the diver has gotten out of the boat and is swimming in the water. He takes hold of the rope, and puts one foot in the stirrup. He stands here, supporting himself by one arm. Then the people in the boat throw a basket to him to put the oystore in When the people in the boat throw a basket to him to put the oystore in When the people in the boat throw a basket to him to put the oystore in When the people in the people in the people in the boat throw a basket to him to put the oystore in the people in the peo ters in. When he is ready for the plunge he grasps his nostrils with one hand and goes down, still standing on the stone. When he is drawn up again, with a filled basket, he meets another diver coming

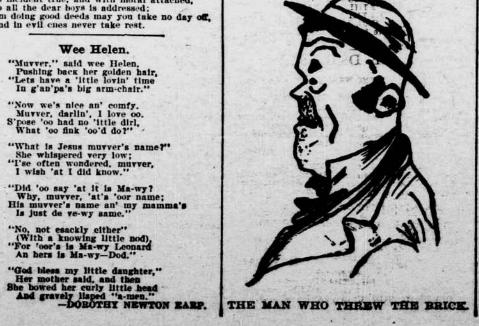
This lasts for thirty days, and all that time the diver is dodging sharks and struggling with suffocation-so that fine ladies may wear pearls.
It seems unfair to the poor diver, and yet that is the way he chooses to make his living.

A Truthful Hero.

Master Walters had been much annoyed by some of his scholars whistling in school. Whenever he called a boy to account for such a disturbance, he would plead that it was unintentional-"He forgot all about where he was." This became so frequent that the master said he would punish the next offender. The next day, when the room was unusually quiet, a loud sharp whistle broke the stillness. Everyone asserted that it was a certain boy, who had the reputation of a mischief maker and a liar. He was called up, and, though, with a somewhat stubborn look, he denied it again and again, was commanded to hold out his hand. At this instant a slender little fellow, not more than seven years old, and with a very pale but decided face, held out his hand, saying as he did so, with the clear

and firm tone of a hero:
"Mr. Walters, sir, do not punish him; I
whistled. I was doing a long, hard sum,
and in rubbing out another I rubbed it out
by mistake and spoiled it all, and before I by mistake and spoiled it all, and before I thought, whistled right out, sir. I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there and act a lie when I knew who was to blame. You may punish me as you said you should." And with all the firmness he could command he held out the little hand, never for a moment doubting that he was to be punished. Mr. Walters was very much affected. "Charles," said he looking at the erect form of the delicate child who had made such a conquest over his natural had made such a conquest over his natural timidity, "I would not punish you for the world. No one here doubts that you spoke the truth."

Dear Editor: I send this picture, hoping to win a prize. Yours, PTC. R. LUDWIG.



Iktomi and the Turtle.

From "Old Indian Legends." Retold by Zitkala-Sa. The huntsman Patkasa (turtle) stood

bent over a newly slain deer. The red-tipped arrow he drew from the wounded deer was unlike the arrows in his own quiver. Another's stray shot had killed the deer. Patkasa had hunted all the morning without so much as spying an ordinary blackbird.

At last, returning homeward, tired and heavy-hearted that he had no meat for the hungry mouths in his wigwam, he walked slowly with downcast eyes. Kind ghosts pitied the unhappy hunter and led him to the newly slain deer, that his children should not cry for food.

When Patkasa stumbled upon the deer in his path he exclaimed: "Good spirits have pushed me hither."

Thus he leaned long over the gift of the "How, my friend," said a voice behind his ear, and a hand fell on his shoulder. It was not a spirit this time. It was old "How, Iktemi!" answered Patkasa, still

stooping over the deer.
"My friend, you are a skilled hunter," began Iktomi, smiling a thin smile which spread from one ear to the other. Suddenly raising up his head Patkasa's black eyes twinkled as he asked: "Oh, you really say so?

Yes, my friend, you are a skillful fel-



"My friend, you are a skilled hunter." low. Now let us have a little contest. Let us see who can jump over the deer without touching a hair on his hide," suggested Iktomi. "Oh, I fear I cannot do it," cried Pat-

kasa, rubbing his funny, thick palms to-

"Have no coward's doubts, Patkasa. say you are a skillful fellow; who finds nothing hard to do." With these words Iktomi led Patkasa a short distance away. In little puffs Patkasa laughed uneasily. "Now, you may jump first," said Iktomi. Patkasa, with doubled fists, swung his

fat arms to and fro, all the while biting hard his under lip. Just before the run and leap Iktomi put in: "Let the winner have the deer to eat." It was too late now to say no. Patkasa was more afraid of being called a coward "Ho-wo," he rethan of losing the deer. "Ho-wo," he plied, still working his short arms. length he started off on a run. So quick and small were his steps that he seemed

"He-he-he!" exclaimed Iktomi, pretending disappointment that his friend had Lifting him to his feet he said: "Now it is my turn to try the high jump." Hardly was the last word spoken than I ctomi gave a leap high above the deer.

to be kicking the ground only. Then the

and fell hard against the side of the deer

But Patkasa tripped upon a stick

The game is mine." laughed he, patting the sullen Patkasa on the back. "My friend, watch the deer while I go to bring my children," said Iktomi, darting lightly through the tall grass.

Patkasa was always ready to believe the words of scheming people and to do the little favors any one asked of him. However, on this occasion he did not answer "Yes, my friend." He realized that Iktomi's flattering tongue had made him foolish. He turned up his nose at Iktomi, now almost out of sight, as much as to say, "Oh, no, Ikto; I do not hear your words." Soon there came a murmur of voices. The sound of laughter grew louder and louder All of a sudden it became hushed. Old Iktomi led his young brood to the place where he had left the turtle, but it was vacant. Nowhere was there any sign of Patkasa or the deer. Then the babes did

howl. "Be still!" said Father Iktomi to his children. 'I know where Patkasa lives. Follow me; I shall take you to the turtle's dwelling." He ran along a narrow foot-path toward the creek near by. Close upon dwelling." his heels came his children, with tearstreaked faces.

"There!" said Iktomi, in a loud whisper as he gathered his little ones on the bank. "There is Patkasa broiling venison. There is his teepee and the savory fire is in his front yard. The young Iktomis stretched their necks and rolled their round black eyes like

newly hatched birds. They peered into the "Now, I will cool Patkasa's fire, I shall Now, I will cool rathasa's life, I shall bring you the broiled venison. Watch closely. When you see the black coals rise to the surface of the water clap your hands and shout aloud, for soon after that

sign I shall return to you with some tender meat." Thus saying, Iktomi plunged into the creek. Splash, splash! the water leaped upward into spray. Scarcely had it become level and smooth than there bubbled up many black spots. The creek was seething with the dancing of round, black

"The cooled fire! The coals!" laughed the brood of Iktomis. Clapping together their little hands, they chased one another along the edge of the creek. They shouted

and hooted with great glee.

"Ahas!" said a gruff voice across the water. It was Patkasa. In a large willow tree leaning far over the water he sat upon a large limb. On the very same branch was a bright burning fire, over which Patwas a bright burning fire, over which Patkasa broiled the venison. By this time the water was calm again. No more danced those black spots on its surface, for they were the toes of old Iktomi. He was The Iktomi children hurried away from

he creek, crying and calling for their water-dead father.

> The Quarrelsome Kittens. Two little kittens. One stormy night, Began to quarrel, And then to fight.

The quarrel begun. "I will have that mouse," Said the biggest cat.
"You'll have that mouse?
We'll see about that!"

One had a mouse, And the other had none; And that's the way

"I will have that mouse,"
Said the tortoiseshell;
And. spitting and scratching,
On her sister she fell. The old lady took

The ground was covered Thick with snow, They had lost the mouse, And had nowhere to go. So they lay and shivered Beside the door Till the old lady had finished

And then they crept in As quiet as mice, All wet with snow And cold as ice;

And found it much better,

That stormy night, To lie by the fire, Than quarrel and fight.

You may bear the sunshine wherever you go, For a smiling face is the face to show, And the world bath need of your cheer. Why add to its burden of greans and sighs? "Twere better, my friends, to call to its eyes A smile instead of a tear.

Be brave and be glad, and your foy will rest.
Like a nested bird, in some troubled breast;
Some heart with its sore replaing

THE CHILDREN'S ANT COLONY.

By Frances Alice Kellor

"Mamma, this is such a cross, tired day; can't you make the sun shine?" Frederic and his two brothers had been trying perseveringly to amuse themselves during a long, stormy winter's day, when play out of doors was impossible. At last, however, they had come to their mother

Only for a moment did mamma's ingenulty fail. Then, glancing at the restless little people and brushing the curls from the petitioner's hot little face, she said, brightly: "Shall I go to Miss Arnold's and ask if

she will give us enough ants for a nest? If Exclamations of delight greeted this pro-

posal and mamma disappeared in quest of

the desired visitors, hopeful faces at the

window waiting her return. Miss Arnold was a student of natural history in a college, and kept many of the insects which she was studying at her own home. Mamma had been a science student, too, and thus the thought had come to her of teaching her sons some lessons in patience, industry, energy and perseverance by means of these little creatures, the ants,

while also making the time pass more "She has two kinds, and she says you may have twenty of each; and she will come over and help you build the nests this afternoon," announced mamma upon return. No more restlessness now! It vanished entirely in the anticipation of the

coming pleasure soon Miss Arnold appeared and delighted company gathered about the table for the nest-building. "Of course, we can-not have them about the house," explained Miss Arnold, "and we could not observe them if we allowed them to make their homes wherever they liked. We will build a nest for each kind, as they are strangers to each other, and will not live happily to

With the aid of Frederic Rob and Elmer

the nests were built as follows: Two plates of ordinary window glass were placed one above the other, about a quarter of an inch apart, slips of wood being placed around the edge between them. Care was taken that the wood did not fit so tightly as to groove running all around inside the edge. This groove was then filled with water. "We use the glass," said Miss Arnold board, the water in the groove is to prevent them from crawling away. When you wish them to crawl out upon the table or floor you can build them a paper bridge. When safe when it is so light in their homes. Now we will let the ants select their nests. You see we cannot drive them into the nest, they must choose it. Frederic, you open the box of small brown ants while water, but on the bank about a yard from water, but on the bank about a yard from a control of the same days quickly lets out the black ones upon the

board. Liberated, the small creatures began an instant investigation, running about in every direction. "You see these ants are very unlike in size and color, but are not quarrelsome. There are some kinds, how-ever, which cannot live in the same neighborhood without having battles with each other or making slaves of their neighbors or destroying their neighbors' nests. Some times these two kinds quarrel, but no often. Generally they are so busy that they do not pay calls or play together. There! the brownies, as we can call them, since their true name is so long, are conleader into the higher nest, while the blackies are becoming content with the lower one. We will now leave them to become one. We will now leave used to their new homes."

After Miss Arnold's departure the three children could not resist watching their lit is excellent for mounting both photosmall visitors, as they arranged their new homes, moving the soil about so as to make different rooms and halls, and selecting the darkest corners for their storehouses and nurseries, Soon, however, the nests were covered over, and the children did not look at the ants again until late in the afternoon, when mamma was able to be with them. The ants then seemed quite content

Thoughtful little Elmer soon became absorbed in what was going on in the nest, and after a pause said: "Make de big ant do somping: she's lazy," pointing to the

largest of the blackies.
"But, dear, she isn't lazy, that is the queen ant. You know each nest has a queen who governs, keeps order, lays the eggs and directs the work. She never gets her own food or builds nests, and very seldom comes out of the home. When she does she has a guard about her just as did the fairy queen in your little play last fall. Her food is brought to her, and she is always shown the greatest respect. Some times there are several queen ants in a nest, although among bees there is only These queens are hatched with wings, but after flying once they go into the nest, tear off their wings and do not leave the nest again. Now shall we give them their supper? Some other time we can visit the queen. I think that Elmer may get the

sweets. Elmer placed the honey in the center of the large board, and ere long one venture some blackie, who was roaming about, dis-

covered it. "How did he find it, mamma?" queried

"It is not known just how well ants see, but I think he must have smelled it. Their power of smelling is very great. You remember, Elmer, how some ants in the yard found your sugar plums where you had placed them in a box upstairs, and after you had moved the box to another place down stairs. You see the ant is made up of three parts, a head, where the eyes and feelers are; a thorax, to which the legs are fastened, and the abdomen, containing the digestive organs. There, with this glass you can see the eyes, one upon each side, which are composed of numerous smaller ones, and also the three single eyes upon the top of the head. In some of the occupations of these ants we shall see how they use the different parts of their bodies. They have more eyes and a keener sense of smell than we to help them in finding their "Three! mamma, three!" shouted Fred

"Yes, the blackie has found more food than he can eat or carry home. So he has gone for help, and has brought two companions. I know that Elmer is ready to ask how he could tell them what he wanted. These long, featherlike threads in the head are called antennae or feelers, and the ants communicate by means of these by crossing them with those of other ants. Ants have no language as we have, but can express what they wish by gesture. We also use gestures sometimes. For instance, when you cannot hear my voice and I wave good-bye to you with my hands. When the ants march from one nest to another they send one or more scouts ahead to see if there is any danger. These scouts stand



upon their hind legs and wave their feelers in the air in order to scent the danger or to hear more accurately."

By this time nearly the whole colony of blackles was out and the scene about the honey was a busy one. "Ants usually carry their food to the

nest, and they are very polite, for they sel-dom eat by the way. See how courteously the larger blackie is helping the smaller one with his load! Although they cannot eat all of this food today, they very wisely carry it home for some future time. They store up food much the same as squirrels do, and they rarely have a famine. They—"
"They are quarreling, I know they are!" came from Rob.

"Take the glass, dear, and see if the two are quarreling."
"Looks as if they were playing," commented Frederic.

"Not quite that, you see the smaller one she will give us enough ands for a nest. It is she can spare us a small colony, we can spend a part of each day in learning how they live and work and play. Would you like that?"

Not quite that, you see the shadler on the spend as gotten into the honey and is very uncomportable because he is so sticky. The other is cleaning off the honey, for anta are very neat. When I kept a nest I marked each ant with a tiny off colored paint so that I could tell them apart; but within a few days they would have the paint all cleaned from each other's backs. You never see ants with soiled clothing or unclean faces! These little-

"What is it. Elmer?"

"I just let him crawl on my finger and he pricked me!" exclaimed Elmer, looking rue-fully at a fast-traveling blackie. "You must learn to make friends with the ants, dear, and must handle them quietly. They have no sting, but quite strong jaws or mandibles, though they never bite seri-ously unless they are quarreling or de-fending themselves." "There are some brownies! I like brownie

bestis!" exclaimed injured Elmer. And sure enough, a half dozen or so of these were eating from the honey, and others were traveling home heavily laden. "These ants will work until the food is all taken," said mamma. "Once I kept an ant busy carrying food to her nest all day long. She worked from 6 o'clock in the

morning until 10 o'clock at night, when I sent her home. She made over one hundred trips. 'The bell for supper! Shall we leave our new friends to their work? Elmer, had you not better put back the one which you are carrying away on your sleeve and let 12 have its supper while we have ours?"

Intelligence of Birds.

The central prison at Agra is the roosting place of great numbers of the common blue pigeon. They fly out to the neighborprevent ventilation. Then a quantity of fine soil was placed between the plates, the amount being such that the ants could be return in the evening, when they drink at easily observed. A small door was left at a tank just outside the prison walls. In this one end. After the two nests were finished they were placed each upon two horizontal turtles, which lie in wait for the pigeons, sticks, fastened to two upright ones, whose bases were fixed in a table. A few inches beneath the nest was placed a board, much the edge of it. Any bird alighting to drink larger than the nest, and with a deep near one of these turtles has a good chance of having its head bitten off and eaten; and the headless bodies of pigeons have been that you can watch the ants without dis- picked up near the water, showing the fate turbing them, and when they get out of the nest and crawi down or fall upon the The pigeons, however, are aware of the danger, and have hit on the following plan to escape it: A pigeon comes in from its long flight, and, as it nears the tank, inyou are not watching the nests keep the upper glass covered with a pasteboard or edge, will cross the tank at about twenty upper glass covered with a pasteboard or cloth, as they usually live under ground where it is dark, and so do not feel quite when it is so light in their homes. lecting for alighting a safe spot which it had remarked as it flew over the tank; but even when such a spot has been selected the water, and will then run down quickly to the water, take two or three hurried gulps of it, and then fly off to repeat the same process at another part of the tank till its thirst is satisfied. I had often watched the birds doing this, and could not account for their strange mode of drinking till told by my friend, the superintendent of the prison, of the turtles which lay in ambush for the pigeons.

How to Make Photograph Paste.

Disselve half an ounce of hard gelatine in three cunces two drams of cold water until quite soft, then beat until melted; now add one ounce six drams of glycerine. This will set hard, and must be melted on the hob or in hot water for use. The advantage of this preparation is that there is no stickigraphs and scraps.

Chickens Raised by Electricity.

In the Electric World and Engineer E. E. Sheldon reports success in heating incubators and brooders by electricity, used to warm a tank of water .- Popular Scientic News.

A small boy demanded an explanation of the names applied to the four classes of the college course. He listened attentively and sat buried in thought for some time. At last he anxiously asked: "Papa, if you are James Little, sr., and I am James Little, jr., will my son be James Little, sophomore? Trained Methods.

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing: "You dear, good, obedient dolly. I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think you would chew it as fine as that."-American Kitchen Mag-

"Mamma," said Willie, leaning toward his mother and speaking in a loud whisper, "the preacher said a little while ago, 'One supper? Some other time we can visit the queen. I think that Elmer may get the honey, for he, like the ants, is very fond of ed 563 words since he said it. I've been counting 'em on him!"—Chicago Tribune.



BEHEADINGS. 1. Behead to dismay and leave a relative 2. Behead to scorch and leave chief.
3. Behead to divide and leave acquired 4. Behead belief and leave a musical pipe,

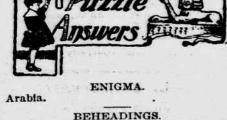
My second is to exist. My third is a hint. My whole is a feast in the open air and is much enjoyed when the weather is fair, ENIGMA-1. My first is in rabbit, but not in squirrel. My second is in boy, but not in girl. My third is in hair, also in curl. My fourth is in diamond, but not in pearl.

My first is to fasten.

My whole is a poet and the name of a boy. ENIGMA-2. My first is in buggy, but not in sleigh. My second is in June, but not in May. My third is in river, but not in lake. My fourth is in buy, but not in take. My fifth is in lonely, but not in forsake. My whole is a greenish mineral.

My fifth is in plaything, but not in toy.





Pearl-earl. Yelk-elk. His-Olive-live. tory-story. Label-Abel. WORD SQUARE. MILK IDEA LEAD KADI

JUMBLED WORDS. Modern artists-Underwood. Christy. Pierce.

PROVERBS. Speech is silver, silence is golden. Stitch in time saves nine. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth

ENIGMA.